Jul. How cam'ſt thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The Orchard walls are high and hard to climbe,
And the place death, conſidering who thou art,
If any of my kinſmen finde thee here.
Rom. With loves light wings did I ore-perch theſe walls,
For ſtony limits cannot hold love out;
And what love can doe, that dares love attempt:
Therefore thy kinſmen are no ſtop to me.
Jul. If they doe ſee thee they will murther thee.
Rom. Alack, there lyes more perill in thine eye,
Than twenty of their ſwords: looke thou but ſweet,
And I am proofe againſt their enmity.
Jul. I would not for the world they ſaw thee here.
Rom. I have nights cloak to hide me from their eyes,
And but thou love me let them finde me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued wanting of thy love.
Jul. By whoſe direction foundſt thou out this place?
Rom. By love that firſt did promp me to enquire,
He lent me counſell, and I lent him eyes.
I am no Pilot, yet wert thou as farre
As that vaſt ſhore waſht with the fartheſt ſea,
I ſhould adventure for ſuch merchandiſe.
Jul. Thou know'ſt the maske of night is on my face,
Elſe would a maiden bluſh bepaint my cheeke,
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeake to night.
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine deny
What I have ſpoke; but farewell complement:
Doeſt thou love me? I know thou wilt ſay *I*,
And I will take thy word; yet if thou ſwear'ſt,
Thou maiſt prove falſe: at lovers perjuries
They ſay *Jove* laughes. Oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou doſt love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'ſt I am too quickly wonne,
Ile frowne and be perverſe, and ſay thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe, but elſe not for the world,
In truth faire *Mountague* I am too fond,

And

And therefore thou maiſt thinke my behaviour light;
But truſt me Gentleman I'le prove more true,
Than thoſe that have more coying to be ſtrange:
I ſhould have beene more ſtrange, I muſt confeſſe,
But that thou overheardſt ere I was ware
My true loves paſſion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light love,
Which the darke night hath ſo diſcovered.
Rom. Lady, by yonder bleſſed moone I vow,
That tips with ſilver all theſe fruit tree tops.
Jul. O ſweare not by the moone, th'inconſtant moone.
That monthly changes in her circled orbe,
Leſt that thy love prove likewiſe variable.
Rom. What ſhall I ſweare by?
Jul. Doe not ſweare at all:
Or if thou wilt, ſweare by thy gracious ſelfe,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'le beleeve thee.
Rom. If my hearts deare love.
Jul. Well, doe not ſweare, although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to night,
It is too raſh, too unadvis'd, too ſudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth ceaſe to be
Ere one can ſay it lightens: ſweet good night:
This bud of love by ſummers ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet:
Goodnight, goodnight, as ſweet repoſe and reſt,
Come to thy heart as that within my breaſt.
Rom. O wilt thou leave me ſo unſatisfied?
Jul. What ſatisfaction canſt thou have to night?
Ro. Th'exchange of thy loves faithfull vow for mine.
Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didſt requeſt it,
And yet I would it were to give againe.
Rom. Wouldſt thou withdraw it? for what purpoſe love?
Jul. But to be franke and give it thee again,
And yet I wiſh but for the thing I have.
My bounty is as boundleſſe as the ſea,